

**"A ROYAL GARDEN" SUBJECT  
OF THE PRESS SERMON.**

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 1.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing Australia, on his round-the-world journey, has selected for the subject of his sermon, through the press to-day, "The Royal Garden," the text being taken from Solomon's song 5:1: "I am come into my garden."

The Church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

A very harsh minister was talking with a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister: "Doctor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is harder for some men

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always ardent, always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle"—the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers and Samuel Rutherfordes. What in other men is a spark, in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes life. When they preach, it is a Penticost. When they fight, it is a Thermopylae. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the gardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say: "Why don't you have more of them in the church?" I say: "Why don't you have in the world more Napoleons, and Humboldts, and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one.

But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say: "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to wither. It is the Passion Flower of the Cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at the roots, blood on the branches, blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is heaven. Come, Oh winds, from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ my Lord.

apple trees that ought to be cut down. | floe

I have told you of the better tree in this garden, and of the better fruit. It was planted just outside Jerusalem good while ago. When that tree was planted, it was so split, and ruined, and barked, men said nothing would ever grow upon it; but no sooner had that tree been planted, than it budded, and blossomed, and fruited, and the soldiers' spears were only the clubs that struck down that fruit, and it fell into the lap of the nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all poison, to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Gethsemane, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore it.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The vessel had foundered and was sinking deeper and deeper, and that one boat could not take the passengers very swiftly. A little girl stood on the deck waiting for her turn to get into the boat. The boat came and went—came and went—but her turn did not seem to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman, "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin. Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not, this morning, make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying unto Jesus shall hear you, and heaven and earth ring with the cry, "Save me next! Save me next!"

Halevy liked smoking and always composed best with a long pipe in his mouth, the bowl resting on the floor. Sullivan does not write more than one or two songs a year. He receives hundreds of poems for music, but generally does not read them.

Donizetti was of a melancholy temperament and subject to fits of mental depression without visible cause. During the last three years his melancholia became so pronounced that he was incapable of giving attention to his work.

Cherubini so closely identified his sympathies with his work than when writing a pathetic passage he would cry like a child. He was often found in tears over his score, and some of his manuscripts are thus so blotted as to be almost illegible.

Schubert was so prolific of songs that he never remembered, a few days later, what he had written. A friend placed one of Schubert's own songs before its composer two weeks after it had been produced. The latter had forgotten it and asked whose it was.

Wagner had a clearly molded, classical face, with thin, cynical lips, which seemed to wear a perpetual sneer. He was exceedingly vain, greatly disliked to hear words of praise given to any other composer, and rarely spoke even in faint commendation of the greatest of his predecessors.

Least was tall, angular and thin. His hands were very large and his fingers so long as to enable him to cover an octave and a half. His side face bore a striking resemblance to that of Calhoun. His marvelous dexterity at the piano was the result of native talent, aided by almost incredible labor. As a child he practiced ten hours a day, and increased this time as he approached manhood.

**BIG CREAMERY FIGURES.**—The official report of the Ellington, Connecticut, co-operative creamery for the calendar year 1893, furnished Farm and Home by Superintendent Bancroft, contains these remarkable figures: number of patrons, 103; number of cows, 802; from which was made 232,322 pounds of butter. The

4.32 pound of butter. The total income was \$69,010.09, and the expenses \$10,435.51. The gross sales averaged 30.22 cents per pound of butter, and the average net sales were 25.72 cents, making the average expenses 4.49 cents per pound. The number of Cooley spaces of cream required to make one pound of butter was 6.24%, and the patrons were paid an average of 4.11 cents per space. It was found the cows averaged 289½ pounds of butter per year, and 2,604 quarts of skim milk worth one-half cent per quart. Hence this exhibit: Average gross income for cream per cow, \$87.17; and for skim milk \$13.02, total \$100.19; average net income from cream \$74.15, value of skim milk \$13.02, total net income per cow for the year, \$87.17; average net income per one quart of milk, 2.9 cents.

**COLOR OF FRUITS.**—In a list of 100 questions and answers published by the Missouri Horticultural society we find the following answers to the question, "Why do fruits turn red or assume other bright colors when ripe?" The colors of fruits are usually connected with the dissemination of their seeds by animals, which in most cases feed on them. The colors appear when the fruits are becoming ripe, because at this time the seeds are ready for distribution. The colors are usually due to the development of pigments dissolved in the sap of the cells which lie near the surface of the fruit. Yellow fruits usually owe their color to a yellow pigment contained in parts of the protoplasm of the cells, corresponding to the chlorophyll grains that give the green color to foliage and to green fruits. The formation of these colors is usually attended by a mellowing of the tissue and the disappearance of acids which render the green fruit sour, and their replacement by sugars.

**MAKE ONLY GOOD BUTTER.**—There is no other butter that is worth making than good butter, and there is more damage to the market in making poor butter than the butterine makers of Chicago, New York and Philadelphia all put together. There is more damage done to the market by trying to skim the cream out of cheese before trying to pass it on the market as good cheese, than all the bogus cheese makers of Chicago have done together.

—John Gould.

Miss Daisy (who has spent her whole summer in trying to elevate the simple country people with whom she has boarded)—Good-by, Mr. Stiles, I hope my visit here hasn't been entirely without good results. Farmer Stiles—Sartin not, sartin not. You're leasart a heap sence you first come here, but, by cracker! you was purty nigh the greenest one we ever had on our hands.—Detroit Tribune.

**Fair and Beautiful Lands Across the Sea.** Give promise to the ocean voyager of health and pleasure, but there is a broad expanse of waters to be passed that rise mountains high in rough weather and grievously disturb the unaccustomed stomach, more particularly if it is that of an invalid. Moreover, the vibration of the vessel's hull caused by the motion of the screw of the steamer, a change of water and latitude, and abrupt transitions of temperature, cannot but beget sickness, and will be encountered with impunity. For sea sickness, and prejudicial influences of air and water, Hottel's Stomach Bitters is a standard safeguard. For sailors, jacksmen, mariners, and occasional travelers, and peteioe sick on a sea voyage or inland jaunt, should always be provided with it. Incomparable for malaria, rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, and constipation. For sick headache, biliousness, and constipation.

The largest horse in the world has just died in Indiana. He stood 27 hands high and weighed 3,027 pounds. But the biggest jackass still lives.

Hall's Catarrh Cure  
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Ethel: Yes, I've brought him to my feet, at last. Clarissa: Well, take care you don't let him see them or you won't keep him long.

"Have you been playing the races?"  
 "No," replied the dejected looking man.  
 "The races have been playing me."

'The man who lost his temper wasn't proud of the article when he found it.'



**BLOOD POISON**  
By ivy or live oak, caused inflammation, eruptions and intense itching and burning on my legs. I decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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